

Wichita Daily Eagle

THE OTHER SIDE OF IT.

A FARMER TELLS BILL NYE ABOUT SUMMER BOARDERS.

The Sad Tale of a New Mith Cow. Some Boys and Some Other Things. Deacon Decker and His Thumb; Also Jay Gould.

[Copyright by Edgar W. Nye.]

"We kept summer boarders the past season," said Orlando McCusick, of East Kottright, to me yesterday, as we sat in the spring house and drank cold milk from a large yellow bowl with white stripes around it. "We kept boarders from town all summer in the Catekilla, and that is why I don't figure on doing it next year. You fellows that write the pieces and makes the pictures of us folks that keeps the boarders has got the laugh on us as a general thing, but I would like to be interviewed a little for the press, so's that I can be set right before the American people."

"Well, if you will state the case fairly and honestly I will try to give you a chance."

"In the first place," said Orlando, taking off his boot and removing his jack-knife, which had worked its way through his pocket and down his leg, then squinting along the new "tap" with one eye to see how it was wearing before he put it on. "I did not know how healthy it was here till I read in a railroad pamphlet, I guess it is you call it, where it says that the relation of temperature to oxygen in a certain quantity of air is of the highest importance. 'In a cubic foot, it says, of air at 8,000 feet elevation, with a temperature of 32 degrees, there is as much oxygen as in a like amount of air at sea level with a temperature of 65 degrees. Another important fact that should not be lost sight of,' this able fellow says, 'by those affected by pulmonary diseases is that three or four times as much oxygen is consumed in activity as in repose.' (Hence the horse's nose introduced by me this season.) 'Then in climates made stimulating by increased electric tension and cold, activity must be followed by an increased endosmosis of oxygen.'"

"So you decided to select and furnish endosmosis of oxygen to sufferers?"

"Yes. I went into it with no notions of making a pile of money, but I argued that these folks would give anything for health. We folks are apt to argue that people from town are all well off and liberal, and that if they can come out and get all the buttermilk and straw rides they want, and a little fish of color and a wood tick on the back of their neck, they don't reckon a pesky reck what it costs. That is only occasionally so. Ask any doctor you know of if the average man won't give anything to save his life, and then when it's saved put his property into his woman's name. That's human. You know the good book says a pure man from New York is the noblest work of God."

"Well, when did this desire to endosmosis your fellow man first break out on you?"

"About a year and a half ago it began to mangle in my mind. I read up everything I could get hold of regarding the longevity and such things to be had here. In the winter I sent in a fair, honest advertisement regarding my place, and Judas H. Priest, before I could say 'best' in the 'spring' here come letters by the dozen, mostly from school teachers at first, that had a good command of language, but did not come. I afterward learned that these letters were frequently wrote by folks that was not able to go into the country, so wrote these letters for mental improvement, hoping also that some one in the country might want them for the refinement they would engender in the family."

"I took one young woman from town once, and allowed her 35 per cent. off for her refining influence. Her name was Etiquette McCracken. She knew very little in the first place, and had added to it a good deal by storing up in her mind a lot of membranous theories and damaged facts that ought to be looked over and disinfected. She was the most hopeless case I ever have saw. Mr. Nye. She was a metropolitan ass. You know that a town greenhorn is the greenest greenhorn in the world, because he can't be showed anything. He knows it all. Well, Etiquette McCracken very much paralyzed what few manners my children had. She pointed at things at table and said she wanted some of that, and she had sort of a starved way of eating and a short breath and seemed all the time apprehensive. She probably at off the top of a flour barrel at home. She came and stayed all summer at our house, with a wardrobe which was in a straw strap wrapped up in a programme of one of them big theatres on Bow-



"SCOUTING ALONG THE NEW TAP."

ery street. I guess she led a gay life in the city. She said she did. She said if her set was at our house they would make it ring with laughter. I said if they did I'd wring their cussed necks with laughter. 'Why,' she says, 'don't you like meriment?' 'Yes,' I says, 'I like meriment well enough, but the cackle of a vacant mind rattling around in a big farm house makes me a field and unmanly one. And I gnaw up two or three people a day till I get over it, I says.'"

"Well, what became of Miss McCracken?"

"Oh, she went up to her room in September, dressed herself in a long linen duster, did some laundry work and the next day, with her little straw strap, she lit off for the city, where she was engaged to marry a very wealthy old man whose mind had been crowded out of an intellectual tumor, but who had a kind heart and had pestered her to death for years to marry him and inherit his wealth. I afterward learned that in this matter she had lied."

"Did you meet any other pleasant people last season?"

"Yes, I met some blooded children from Several Hundred and Fifth street. They come here so's they could get a breath of country air and wear out their old cloze. Their mother said the poor things wanted to get out of the mawstrum of metropolitan life. She said it was awful where they lived. Just one round of gayety all the while. They come down and sat on my heels, and then took and turned in and chased a new milch cow eight miles, with two of 'em holdin' of her by the tail and another on top of her with a pair of Buffalo Bill spurs and a false face, yelling like a volunteer fire company. Then the old lady kicked because we run short of milk. Said it was a — of a note if she couldn't have milk



"THEY ALL COME BACK TO SEE THE DEACON."

when she come into the wilderness to live and paid her little old \$3 a week just as regular as Saturday night come round.

"These boys picked on mine all summer because my boys was plain little fellers with no underwear, but good impulses and a general desire to lay low and eventually get there, understand. My boys is considerable bleached as regards hair, and freckled as to features, and they are not ready in conversation like a town boy, but they would no more drive a dumb animal through the woods till it was all hot up, or take a new milch cow and scare the daylight out of her and yell at her and pull out her tail and send her home with her pores all open, than they'd be sent to the legislature without a crime."

"A neighbor of mine that see these boys when they was scarin' my cow to death said if they'd be on his'n he'd rather foller 'em to their grave than see 'em do that. That's putting of it rather strong, but I believe I would myself."

"We had a nice old man that come out here to attend church, he said. He belonged to a big church in town, where it cost him so much that he could hardly look his maker in the face, he said. Last winter, he said, they sold the pews at auction, and he had an affection for one, specially 'cause he and his wife had set in it all their lives, and now that she was dead he wanted it, as he wanted the roof that had been over them all their married lives. So he went down when they auctioned 'em off, as it seems they do in those big churches, and the bidding started moderate, but run up till they put a premium on his'n that froze him out, and he had to take a cheap one where he couldn't bear very well and it made him sort of bitter. Then in May, he says, the Palestine rash broke out among the preachers in New York, and most of 'em had to go to the Holy Land to get over it, because that is the only thing you can do with the Palestine rash when it gets a hold on a pastor. So he says to me, 'I come out here mostly to see if I could get any late information from the Throne of Grace.'"

"He was a rattlin' fine old feller, and told me a good deal about one thing and another. He said he'd seen it stated in the paper that salvation was free, but in New York he said it was pretty well protected for an old-established industry."

"He knew Deacon Decker pretty well. Deacon Decker was an old playmate of Jay Gould's, but didn't do so well as Jay did. He went once to New York after he got along in years, and Gould knew him, but he couldn't seem to place him. 'Why, Decker,' says Gould, 'don't you know?' Decker says, 'That's all right. You bet I know you. You're one of these fellows that knows everybody. That's another feller around the corner that helps you to remember folks. I know you. I read the papers. Git out. Scat. Torment ye. I ain't in no to-day buyin' green goods, nor yet to lift a freight bill for ye. So avant before I sick the police on ye.'"

"Finally Jay id-entified himself, and shook dice with the deacon to see which should buy the lunch at the dairy kitchen."

"Deacon Decker once in church discovered a loose knot in his pew seat, and while considering the plan of redemption thoughtlessly pushed with considerable force on this knot with his thumb. At first it resisted the pressure, but finally it slipped out and was succeeded by the deacon's thumb. No one saw it, so the deacon, slightly flushed, gave it a stealthy wrench, but the knot hole had a sharp corner bottom, and the edge soon caught and secured the rapidly swelling thumb of Deacon Decker."

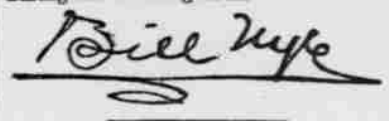
"During the closing prayer he worked at it with great diligence and all the saliva he could spare, but it resisted. It was a sad sight. Finally he gave it up, and said to himself the struggle was useless. He tried to be resigned and wait till all had gone. He shook his head when the plate was passed to him, and only bowed when the brethren passed him on the way out. Some thought that may be he was cursed with doubts, but reckoned that they would pass away."

"Finally he was missed outside. He was generally so chipper and so cheery. So his wife was asked about him. 'Why, father's inside. I'll go and get him. I never knew him to miss shaking hands with all the folks.'"

"So she went in and found Deacon Decker trying to interest himself in a lesson leaf with one hand, while his other was concealed under his hat. He could feel the neighbors, but he could not feel his wife, and so he hustled around and told one or two, who told their wives, and they all came back to see the deacon and make suggestions to him."

"This little incident is true, and while it does not contain any special moral, it goes to show that an honest man gets no more, and also explains a large circular hole and the tin patch over it which may still be seen in the pew where Deacon Decker used to sit."

In a future letter I propose giving some historical points regarding Delaware county and the Catskill region at the head of the Delaware river. It will be graphic, interesting and instructive. Newsdealers will do well to provide against a disgraceful crush at their places, and see that order is preserved during the morning hour.



Bill Nye

Willing to Assist Her.

"Mornin', madam! Want any combs, brushes, hairpins, tablecloths, towels, lead pencils, tooth brushes or chewing gum?"

The peddler put his hat on the floor and opened his pack as he asked the question.

"No, sir," said the woman sharply, "and I don't want any dime novels, nor chalk eggs, nor five cent calico, nor tooth powder, nor pipe-in-silver puzzles, nor lamp wicks, nor eye salve, nor corn plaster, nor liquid blue."

"Just so. And I suppose it's no use to ask whether you'd like to look at a bottle of wrinkle filler for old complexioners?"

"Not a bit, sir; and I know you haven't got any books on good manners, or you'd read 'em yourself occasionally."

"None of the people I call on would appreciate 'em, madam. And now if you think you have no use for the celebrated invisible ear trumpet that you can fasten in your kitchen window and hear everything your neighbors say, or the famous long range kitchen telescope that will bring every back yard within half a mile of your house, so close to you that you can almost smell the pipes the men are smokin' on the back steps, I'll be goin'."

"Hold on!" exclaimed the woman of the house. "I don't know but that I would like to buy those two articles if they don't cost too much."

"All right, madam," rejoined the peddler, "if I see any chap that's got 'em to sell I'll steer him round this way. Mornin', madam!"

He picked up his hat, put it on his head sideways, and went down the steps whistling "Little Annie Rooney," leaving a large, crooked nosed, raw boned woman standing on the porch and gasping in inarticulate rage. — Chicago Herald.

Poor Fishing in Michigan.

One day a man at Murfreesboro, Ky., was introduced to me as a person who had spent some time in Michigan, and he speedily announced that he had once spent two weeks at "St. Clair Flats."

"You went there to fish?" I queried.

"Yes."

"Have good luck?"

"Very poor luck, indeed."

"Perhaps you were off season?"

"Oh, no. They claimed that fishing was unusually good."

"Must have been luck."

"I think so. Try as hard as I could I couldn't catch a bass weighing over twelve pounds, and my largest pickerel only weighed sixteen. Why, sir, I hooked a muscogelon one day and played him for two hours. I had every reason to believe that I had made a great strike, and I was fully prepared to exult over my victory; but when we came to put the fish on the scales he only pulled down twenty-eight pounds. Think of it! Only twenty-eight pounds! Ah, sir, I found it very poor fishing in Michigan—very poor!" — Detroit Free Press.

No Use for Coal at Present.

Dumley—it is said the car possesses the richest coal fields in the world, but they are yet undeveloped.

Towner—Of course they ain't, and ain't likely to be for some time.

Dumley—I should like to know why Grace?

Towner—An't his people making it hot enough for him without cost? The car ain't no fool. — Chicago Times.

A Progressive Physician.

Doctor—How are you feeling today?

Patient—Very much better.

Doctor—Are you taking your medicine as I ordered?

Patient—Haven't touched it.

Doctor—Hum! Well continue the same treatment since the result seems so gratifying. — Boston Courier.

A Booming Town.

Squiggles—Hello, Snaggs! How's Newtown these days; booming?

Snaggs—You bet! We've had a magazine explosion and a boiler burst there within the past ten days. — Burlington Free Press.

He Was Pleased.

"But what do you mean, Mr. Ivory, by laughing so at my piano playing?"

"I'm trying to show I'm pleased with it. People always smile or laugh when they're pleased, you know." — Philadelphia Times.

A Foolish Thing.

"I have been very foolish at times, Miss Harkins—Mary—but you put up with it."

"Oh, Mr. Snorting," exclaimed the girl deprecatingly.

"But I am now going to be guilty of the most daring, craziest act yet; if you put up with it patiently I'm all right."

"None of us are too wise, George."

"Well, I'd like to marry you." — Philadelphia Times.

In Good Faith.

Bachelor Duke—Aw, I say now, this is a horrid joke!

Friend—What's the matter now?

Bachelor Duke—Aw, some fellow has sent me a circular of Yelling's Liquid Food for Infants. It's a low, coarse joke.

Friend—No joke about it.

They probably thought if you had no baby you might like it for yourself. — Lowell Citizen.

A Clear Case.

"What fools New Yorkers are!" exclaimed Beck.

"Well, what now?" inquired Pock.

"Why, a man in New York stole all the 'Annie Rooney's' he could find in a music dealer's stock."

"And what of it?"

"The howling idiots arrested him." — Chicago Times.

Providing for Emergencies.

"Waiter, bring me a ham sandwich."

"But," remarked his friend, "you must remember you're invited to supper at Kitchener's."

"That's so, I'd forgotten it. Waiter, bring two ham sandwiches." — Philadelphia Times.

SCIENCE AND PROGRESS.

SIMPLE EXPERIMENTS AND POPULAR NEWS AND NOTES.

The Paradoxical Result of a Curious Experiment in the Science of Pneumatics Explained by Means of Illustrations That Illustrate Indeed.

Take a short tube, provided at one end with a funnel shaped opening (see cut), and a small ball of wood or other light material.

Place one end of the tube in the mouth, and attempt to hold the ball against the



FIG. 1—EXPERIMENT IN PNEUMATICS.

other end by drawing in the breath. The attempt will be unsuccessful, as the ball will fall immediately to the ground; but if one places the ball against the funnel and blows strongly outward it will remain in position, apparently, against the attraction of gravity and the force of the current of air. This paradoxical result is explained by the curious fact that as the air rushes out around the ball a partial vacuum is produced in the funnel shaped end of the tube, and the ball is thus held in position by the excess of atmospheric pressure on the outside.

Popular Science News, commenting on the above from La Nature, suggests that if any one desires to try the experiment a similar apparatus can be made out of a piece of tin. But a simpler and equally effective illustration of the principle, says the same authority, can be shown with an apparatus constructed from a piece of glass tubing, or even a pipe stem (B, C), to one end of which is attached a circular piece of cardboard (A), as shown in Fig. 2.

A second disk of cardboard (D) is then placed on top of the first, and it will be found impossible to blow it off, and the

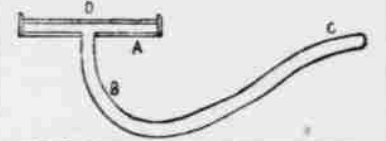


FIG. 2—EXPERIMENT IN PNEUMATICS.

apparatus may even be inverted without its falling while the blast of air is kept up. To prevent the upper disk from sliding off, the edges of the lower one should be turned up, as shown in the engraving, or a pin may simply be passed through the center of the upper disk so as to project into the tube.

The New Steam Life Boat.

A new steam life boat, built of steel and with fourteen water tight compartments, has made her trial trip in England. This boat is described by the London exchanges as follows: The boiler and engine rooms are brought up about three feet above the main deck, and are closed by iron covers to the main holes, air being supplied by forced draught. The passengers' space is abaft the engines, seated all round, and will hold about thirty persons. The mode of propulsion adopted is a turbine, taking in water through the bottom of the boat at its apex, and discharging the water when it has attained its maximum velocity through tubular orifices on each side. About one ton of water per second is discharged. The speed at which the vessel ran on her trial trip was over eight knots. From full speed ahead the vessel can be stopped in thirty-two seconds, and may be got on her again in four seconds. She carries a mast with some sail power forward, the mast being lowered when needed.

Global Lightning.

This is a rare phenomenon. The general description of the occurrence is, that a luminous ball is seen moving very slowly, not touching any object, and eventually breaking up with a violent explosion and the appearance of several flashes of ordinary lightning. It is reported that the occurrence described has lasted at least a couple of seconds. Ordinary lightning, as is well known, is practically quite instantaneous. The size of the ball on different occasions has varied from that of an orange to that of a large glass lamp globe, or even larger. Many physicists refuse to believe any accounts of this manifestation of the electrical discharge, but the reports of it are too numerous and circumstantial for us to consider them to be entirely baseless, says Longman's Magazine, authority for the foregoing.

The Electric Launch.

The smoothness and quietness of the motion of an electric launch compared with the rattling of most steam launches, and the disadvantages of the latter launch, have made it a general favorite wherever it has been used, and its speedy adoption in this country may be looked for, says The New York Sun. It has been suggested that electricity be adapted to house boats, which are growing in number and size, especially in England, every season. One of these floating dwellings could then travel from place to place with its own independent self contained propelling power.

Spread of Wasp and Bees.

A writer in The Science Observer says that he has spirited individual wasps and bees with rose colored powder, and has found that thus handicapped they could with ease keep up with the fastest trains when speeding down "Ship Summit," the steep gradient in Scotland. Nor were these carried along in the rich air caused by the train. They would come in and out of the window, sometimes disappearing for a minute or more, but frequently returning again and again. At distances of from five to ten miles they dropped behind, when others took their place.

A New Industry at Kimberley.

What the Chinamen do on the Australian gold fields the unemployed in the Kimberley district have now found themselves in a position to do. The heaps of debris of "tailings" which have accumulated in the neighborhood of the diamond mines have been taken in hand, and a good business is being done in crushing and washing out the diamonds which have been left behind.

It Didn't Take Long.

A big man who looked like he might be a senator or a rich merchant, a retired banker or something of that sort, walked down the street a few evenings ago, and stopping under a lamp post looked intently upward. A policeman saw him and stopped over to that side of the walk to see what it meant. The next man who happened along also stopped, and after catching what he thought was the proper range began to look. Another man came up and did

the same thing. Pretty soon a young fellow and his girl caught sight of the stargers, and they began to see what there was to be seen. Presently some one in the rapidly increasing party spoke up.

"What's all this mean?" he asked the policeman.

"Git along wid yer," responded the official.

Just then the big man turned around.

"My goodness!" he exclaimed, "what on earth is this crowd here for?"

"What are you looking at?" asked one of the bystanders.

"Looking at?" echoed the gentleman, "why, bless me, I was only absorbed in figures."

"About what?"

"I was wondering how long it would take me to block the sidewalk by saying nothing." — Chicago Herald.

A Lesson in Language.

"Oh, yum, yum!" cried Miss Anner, as Miss Harvard, her chum, laid a bag of Seckel pears before her. Carefully laying aside her tula and tossing her Plato into a corner she seized one of the fruit and began munching. "And why, dear," she said, with the usual Yankee recklessness of pronunciation, "why do you suppose they call these delightful pears Seckel pears?"

"Oh, you dear little goose!" exclaimed Miss Harvard. "What makes you ask such a silly question, stupid? It's because they gather 'em with a—what you-call-it—sickle, my dear, of course. Yum, yum." — Chicago Times.

Something New in Offensive Weapons.



Gamin (in the water)—A Dutch copper ain't no good!

Officer Blatterburg—Vat's dot?

Gamin—Pipe of der sauerkraut peeler!



Officer Blatterburg—How you like dot extensible clob, Chonny?—Judge.

"Broke Up" by Natural Causes.

"You seem melancholy, Storytale. What in the world's the matter with you?"

"Dyspepsia?"

"No?"

"Hard up?"

"Well, what in time has so broken you up, old man?"

"Well, you see I spent nearly all the evening last night telling my most hair raising stories to old Bennet without the slightest effect."

"Oh, I see. Sorry your stories have gone back on you."

"Hang it, the stories were all right. I've just learned that the old duffer wears a wig." — Chicago Times.

The Right Kind of a Yachting Suit.

Mr. Tenderloin—What shall I wear?

I've never been yachting, don't cher know.

Mr. Tuffnutte—Oh, something dark. But have your clothes very loose.

Mr. Tenderloin—And shall I have a stateroom?

Mr. Tuffnutte—What! On a thirty foot boat?

Mr. Tenderloin—But where shall I sleep?

Mr. Tuffnutte—If your clothes are roomy, why sleep in them!—Clothing and Furnisher.

Deserved a Life Sentence.

"Prisoner, stand up. How many times have you been convicted of crime?"

"About seven times, judge."

"Have you no fear of the law?" sternly demanded the judge.

"No, y' honor," answered the prisoner in a broken voice. "I've got the courage of my convictions, I reckon." — Chicago Tribune.

Once for All.

Wife—Do you really think that marriage is a lottery?

Husband—No, I don't.

Wife(somehow surprised)—Why don't you?

Husband—Because when a fellow has once drawn a blank he can't go and purchase another chance. — Lowell Citizen.

A Mean Man.

There is in Washington a very small, thin man, who, after he has been crowded just as closely as it is possible for him to be squeezed, takes keen pleasure in offering his seat to the most corpulent lady in the car. — Washington Post.

Wasn't Room for Both.

"Humph," remarked a young man, "my cigar has gone out."

"Well, that settles it," replied his room mate. "I was wondering which of us it would be, myself or the cigar." — Washington Post.

Had Seen It.

He—And did you see the "Watch on the Rhine"?

She (of Chicago, who has been in Europe)—Oh, yes; but it doesn't compare with the Strasburg clock. — Lawrence American.

At the Bottom of the Scale.

Dreadful Roarback—By thunder! that's the lowest I've felt yet. Judgin' by them feller's not attackin' me, they must think I'm a dog—Judge.

The Way of the Laundryman.

"How is this, Hop Lee, charging me twenty cents for a shirt? Don't you usually charge ten cents for a shirt?"

"Yes, sah, ten cent a piece."

"Well, ten a shirt one piece?"

"You shirt one piece when it come but now it two pieces." — Boston Times.

SCIENCE AND PROGRESS.

SCIENTIFIC BREVITIES AND POPULAR NEWS OF THE DAY.

Experiments Apparently Very Difficult, but Easy Enough in Practice if the Hand Be Steady—Balancing a Weight on a Nail and Key.

The center of gravity is the center of the leaning figure. It may be defined as that point in the body upon which the body, acting solely by the force of gravity, will balance itself in all positions. We see that animals as well as men are continually altering the position of the center of



BALANCING A WEIGHT ON A NAIL AND KEY.

gravity. If a man bears a load he will lean forward, and if he takes up a can of water in one hand he will extend the other to preserve his balance.

The experiment shown in the accompanying illustration is apparently very difficult, but it will be found easy enough in practice if the hand be steady. Take a key, and by means of a crooked nail or "holdfast" attach it to a bar of wood by a string tied tightly around the bar, as in the picture. To the other extremity of the bar attach a weight, and then drive a large headed nail into the table. It will be found that the key will balance, and even move upon the head of the nail, without falling. The weight is under the table, and the center of gravity is exactly beneath the point of suspension.

Another simple experiment may prove amusing. Into a piece of wood insert the